A HYMN TO NEPTUNE;

Occasion'd

By the late Glorious VICTORY obtain'd in the Height of *Malaga* by Her Majesty's Royal Navy, under the Command of Sir *George Rooke*, Vice-Admiral of *England*, &c.

Quis Martem Tunica tectum Adamantina
Digne scripserit? aut Pulvere Troico,
Nigrum Merionem? aut ope Palladis
Tydiden Superis parem. Hor. Car. Lib. 1.

LONDON,

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A HYMN TO NEPTUNE;

Occasion'd

By the late Glorious VICTORY obtain'd in the Height of Malaga by Her Majesty's Royal Navy, under the Command of Sir George Rook, Vice-Admiral of England, &c.

The DEDICATION.

To the Right Honourable

Sir George Rooke,

Vice-Admiral of

ENGLAND;

And one of the Lords of Her Majesty's most Honourable *Privy-Council.*

WHile every Breast is full of your Applause,
That joins in Monarchy's or Merit's Cause,
And whole Communities their Thanks express,
As they with Loyal Vows the Throne Address;
Accept the grateful Muse's Mite of Peace,
And take her Honest, though her Worthless Lays.
Not, but she knows she does her Heroe Wrong,
A noble Subject, claims a noble Song;

The DEDICATION.

Like *Pindar*'s Strong, Majeſtical, and Sweet,
Bold like its Theme, inimitably Great;
Yet ſince her Silence might be juſtly thought
A greater and leſs pardonable Fault;
And more experienc'd Bards a Task decline,
That calls for all the Labours of the Nine.
She dares preſume to hope for an Excuſe,
Though ſhe has Err'd, her Crime may be of Uſe,
Provoke ſome skilful Voice to ſing your Fame,
And riſe and vindicate your Injur'd Name.
Vouchſafe, Great Sir, to make her Zeal attone,
For the Defects her forward Zeal has ſhewn,
And let your Smiles on her Endeavours ſhine,
Not gain'd by the *Performance*, but *Deſign*.
As for the Cenſures of the Factious Crowd,
She minds them not, of their worſt Cenſures proud,
Since what ſhe Writes can give no juſt Offence,
But to ſuch Tongues as Carp at Worth, not Senſe,
And enviouſly cry Succeſſes down,
Becauſe not gain'd by Creatures of their own.

The DEDICATION.

E'en let 'em burſt with Malice, and oppoſe
Lies againſt Truth, to ſhew themſelves your Foes.
Let them deſpightfully Cabal and Prate,
Thoſe that would injure you, would harm the State,
Would introduce Diſorders into Faſhion,
And Anarchy by way of *Reformation.*

The Muſe their Cenſure to their Praiſe prefers,
And Joys that your's and *Albion*'s Foes are hers,
Which her Attempts from nobler Tongues ſecures,
Since thoſe will be her Friends, are *Albion*'s Friends and Yours.

Your Honour's
Moſt Humble,
Moſt Obedient,
And
Moſt Devoted Servant.

THE PREFACE.

THE *Neceſſity of a Poem of this Nature, is ſo manifeſt, that to tell the Reader the Reaſon of its coming abroad, would be a Work of Supererogation. There is no one breathing, that has either Converſation with Men or Books, but will account for it; and the common Diſcourſe amongſt the Faction this is written in Oppoſition to, will be of ſufficient Information to any that are inquiſitive about it.* Sir George Rook *has been their Mark for ſome time, and it is of no Force with the Inveteracy of their Conſtitution, that a Gentleman is ſerviceable to his* Queen *and* Country, *if he be not one of their own Perſwaſion, and poſſeſs'd of Principles that are deſtructive of the very Being of that Government: He is deſervedly Applauded for being the Defender of the* Queen, *by a gracious Reception, and unuſual Marks of Her Royal Eſteem for this Renowned Admiral, has acknowledged the late Engagement at Sea, for a compleat Victory, has made publick Rejoycings, and receiv'd the Complements of all the Foreign Miniſters on this Glorious Occaſion; and had they any Reſpect to good Manners, they would own it as ſuch too; but they are as little acquainted with Breeding, as they are with Truth; and it is Scandalous among them to be for Her Majeſty and her Majeſty's Religion at the ſame time. That the late Action in the* Streights *has been attended by the Conſequence of an entire Defeat; all but theſe who are obſtinately plung'd in Contradictions, will confeſs, the*

Retreat

Retreat of the French *Fleet from us, their Abandoning the place of Engagement, and our Troops being poſſeſs'd of* Gibraltar, *are ſufficient Arguments to thoſe that will give themſelves leave to think that we were Maſters at Sea on that memorable Occaſion. It muſt be confeſs'd, we did not deſtroy many of their Shipping, but all muſt own, from the Diſadvantage we then labour'd under, both on account of Men and Shipping, we did more than could be expected, in preſerving our* Own. *Yet notwithſtanding all this Brave Admiral's ſucceſsful Attempts, both at Home and Abroad, there are thoſe who publickly ſhew their Diſlike of his Conduct, and Cenſure what none but himſelf could accompliſh; I mean ſuch as induſtriouſly avoid the mention of his Name in their publick Addreſſes: I wonder they did not leave out the Duke of* Marlborough's *too, ſince he is alſo for the Monarchy and Church Eſtabliſh'd. This has made me attempt ſomething by way of Obviating their Deſigns, and if I have done any thing that may be ſerviceable to point out his Great Actions, it is no more than what they ought to do, that are ſo averſe to acknowledge them. As for the Management of the* Poem, *that's altogether in the Reader's Breaſt, whether he will allow or diſapprove of it; the Author is ſufficiently ſatisfied in the Juſtice of the Deſign and his incomparable Subject, and has to ſay for himſelf, though he has nothing to excuſe his way of Verſification, that he has made appear by his Performance, that all* Engliſh-men *are not Ungrateful.*

No,

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ERRATA.

PAge 1. Line 8. for *their*, Read *Her*. p. 3. l. 17. add *to*. p. 6. l. 14. for *own* r. *whom*. p. 7. l. 17. for *Poplar*, r. *Polar*. p. 20. l. 5. for *Worth*, r. *Warmth*. p. 21. l. 4. for *Bestow's*, r. *Bestow*. p. 23. l. 17. for *a*, r. *I*. p. 24. l. 3. for *yet*, r. *ye*. p. 39. l. 10. for *they*. r. *the*.

A

HYMN

TO

NEPTUNE, &c.

I.

NO, 'tis in vain, not all their Factious Arts,
Made use of to debauch our hearts,
And draw us from the just Esteem
Of such a Man, and such a Theme,
Shall be of any force;
The Muse does all their Practices despise,
Their little Tricks, and Whiggish Lyes,
Unshaken in their Course
And up the mighty Name she'll bear,
Above the Stars, and fix it there,

Where Envy cannot riſe.
And lo! ſhe comes, and lo! ſhe brings,
Her tuneful Numbers, tuneful Strings
And on them moſt devoutly pays
Her Sacrifice of Praiſe,
And thus to *Neptune* ſings.

II.

Hail, Trident-bearing Deity,
That under *Anna*'s gentle Reign,
Aſſert'ſt her Empire o're the Sea,
Vice-gerent of the Main,
Submit thy Faſces where he ſpreads his Sails,
And own a Genius that prevails
In all it undertakes,
Where e're the Conqu'ring Heroe ſteers,
To diſſipate Domeſtick Fears,
Or Wings himſelf with ſpeed for Forreign Kingdoms ſakes.
Speak, Watry God, for thou haſt often rear'd
Thy Sea-green Head when *Rook* appear'd,

And clove the yielding deep,
Speak of the Trophies he has won,
And Hazards most adventurously run,
Whether he Westward has like *Perseus* flown,
To rescue *Spain*'s *Andromeda* in her Throne,
Or Northward has his Voyage bent,
Leagues that were broken to Cement.
And hush awaking Enmities to sleep.

III.

Wonders thou'st seen, and Wonders should disclose,
To silence the loud Clamours of his Foes,
Tell 'em their very Malice he enjoys,
Worth will be *Worth* in spight of Noise,
And all the ghastly Snakes
Sedition shakes,
Will add fresh Praises to his just Applause,
Fix the great Name they seek to tumble down,
Endear it the Crown,
And make the Subjects plead his Cause,

Since Shadows make good Colours tempt the ſight,
And look more lively than if all were light.

IV.

The *Tritons*, and the *Nereids* ſhould attend,
The *Tritons*, and the *Nereids* all,
At thy tremendous Call,
And at a Name,
So dear to Fame,
With their ſhrill Notes the watry Element ſhould rend.
And let them Sing, and let them Sound,
Till in the Depth of his loud Praiſes drown'd,
Paſt Ages ſhall paſt Heroes ſee,
Swallow'd and loſt in dark Obſcurity,
And ceaſe to be renown'd.
So leſſer Waves are by the greater preſs'd,
And the Tenth Billow rides Triumphant o're the reſt.

V.

Not that the Muſe
By Parties led aſtray,
What is their due to Parties would not pay,
Or would have Merit what is Merits claim to loſe.
Far be it from an honeſt Breaſt,
Such Principles it does deteſt,
And ſtill muſt ſay, and ſtill muſt own,
There are that have preſerv'd the Throne:
There are whoſe Names would be in Story bright,
Were they but juſt to him as he has done them Right.

VI.

In Conqueſts gain'd by Land or Sea,
Different Opinions ſhould agree;
It matters not by whom the Deed is done,
So that the Victory be won;
And Feuds ſhould vaniſh, Parties ceaſe to Jar,

When

When Parties equally receive,
The Benefits the Victors give,
And all are Gainers by the bleſs'd Events of War.

VII.

If O—— has not to the Church been true,
The Church gives O—— what's his due,
And ſtill is ready to allow
The Laurels on his Brow,
Ah, would the Faction do the ſame by thoſe,
Whom a miſtaken Zeal
To form us to a Common-Weal
Has falſly call'd their Foes:
Tho' ev'n his greateſt Biggots muſt confeſs
Their Idols Triumphs to be leſs,
Than his own Heaven's more Bounteous Providence
Diffuſive of true Valour and of Senſe,
Has influenc'd to curb the Pride of *France*.
By Rules of Art, not Accident or Chance,

Rook

Rook was in *O*—— Fleet
When he the *Gallick* Navies beat;
Advis'd what Measures to persue,
Was Councellor and Actor too.
But *O*—— of the Laurels ne're partook,
Or Battles that were gain'd by *Rook*,
He neither Acted nor Advis'd,
How he of Fame should be appriz'd,
The Management was all his own, th' Event without his Aid.

VIII.

Be it then round thy wide Dominions spread,
From the Sun's Eastern to it's Western Bed,
What VVonders he has wrought;
And let the Glorious Life be drawn,
Up to it's bright Meridian from its Dawn,
That Times to come may Copy what these Times are taught.
The bright Example tempts 'em from afar,
Their future Guide and Poplar Star,
Oh! may the bright Example shine,

With ſuch attractive Rays,
That *Brittains* worthy of the *Britiſh Line*
May keep the *Thames* ſuperior to the *Sein*,
And have a Right to Claim Hereditary Praiſe.

IX.

But as in Circles where no End is found,
And no Beginning ſtrikes upon our Eyes
But all is of a Piece Orbicular and round,
And leaves us in the Mazes of Surprize,
In vain we ſearch, in vain Aſſign,
The Point that gives a Being to the Line;
Or is the Period of its Growth,
All is ſo juſt, ſo Regular and true,
It flies our Knowledge and our View,
And we Miſtake in Both:
So 'tis with Heroes of Immortal Worth,
Such as the mighty Chief that call's thee forth,
And with an aweful Grace,
Bids Thee to His and thy Dread Sovereign Pay

Homage

Homage, and from Her hold the Sea,
And Rule the watry Race.
His Actions are so Glorious and so Bright,
Like one continued Burst of Light,
We know not which to fix on to Commend,
They crow'd upon each others Rays so fast,
Fame's Trumpet has not a sufficient Blast,
We know not to begin, we know not how to end.

X.

Yet must the Muse an Offering make,
Tho' mean, and in a lowly Dress;
And tho' his Merits for themselves best speak,
Do something for his Merits sake,
And make Attempts her Gratitude t' express.
The Golden Chain of Virtues must be broke,
And she must from each other separate,
The shining Links Crown'd with success by Fate,
For all cannot be spoke.

Though ſhe with hundred Mouths declare,
And offer at his Character,
Phœbus has not wherewith to run thro' all his Praiſe,
Phœbus would Bankrupt be,
And loſe th' Omnipotence of his Deity,
For want of due Supplies, and ſcarcity of Lays.

XI.

Let it ſuffice, and ev'n theſe Require,
A ſupernatural Fire,
A Genius that dilates prophetick Breaſts,
When Gods themſelves deſcend to be their Gueſts,
And with a Rage divine inſpire,
Let it ſuffice, we from the numerous Choice,
Of Glorious Actions that demand our Voice,
And our Attendance Claim,
Diſtinguiſh thoſe of latter days,
Ripen'd, and of maturer Rays,
And mount them to the Skies, and hand them up to Fame.

XII.

O! *Neptune* couldst thou teach me to display,
The Triumphs of that Memorable Day,
When *Gallick* Navies into Coverts fled,
And their declining Lillies hung their Head,
When at *la Hogue* nor Rocks nor Armies cou'd,
Armies and Rocks of a prodigious Force,
Protect them, nor the Rapid Course
Of a Tempestuous Flood.

XIII.

How would the ravish'd Muse her self excel!
How on the tempting Story dwell!
And with inimitable Art,
Sing what thy God-head should impart,
And as the fam'd Exploit deserv'd, the fam'd Exploit wou'd (tell.

XIII.

Go, said the *Monarch*, styl'd the *Great*,
Th' *Invincible* Commands you, Go
Encounter and Defeat,
Ruine the *British* Fleet,
The King will have it so;

And

And on they ruſh'd, and on they went,
To forward the deſign'd Deſcent;
But the deſign'd Deſcent to nothing came,
Homewards the Meſſengers of Vengeance Fled,
And their Tall Ships with their own ſlaughter Red,
Eſcap'd the Fire to periſh by the Flame,
And let their Haughty Sovereign ſee
How ſmall his Title was t' *Invincibility.*

XIV.

'Twas *Rook's*, and only *Rook's*, we ſaw 'em burn,
And fruſtrate Expeditions Mourn,
By him the Glorious Action was perform'd,
By him the floating Caſtles Stonn'd;
In ſight of Multitudes of Foes,
Who durſt not his Attempts Oppoſe,
Or Reſolutions for their Reſcue hold,
Chill'd into Cowardice and Cold,
Ev'n when a Blaze like this a Coward might have warm'd.

Yet

Yet are there who in Truth's despight,
Would place the Laurels are his Right
Upon another's Head,
And zealous to ascribe
All to the Favourite of their Factious Tribe,
Would on his Brows alone the sacred Ivy spread:
Such as is Dastard *C—pe—er*,
That Writes, and makes a mighty stir,
To let us see,
There are not many greater Fools than he,
Except his Friends at *Mercers-Hall*, a Scandal to the Fur:
And gives it in large Folio under's hand,
He durst not any but *Law Tryals* stand.

XV.

Such as is *Tutchin* who by Miscreants read,
Observes, and is observ'd for Bread;
The Party's Hireling, who condemn'd to Rail,
Or go without the Party's Dole,
Ventures his Body and his Soul,

And Impudently runs a Muck for Whipping-Post and Jayl.
Not a good Subject, or a thankful Breast,
But will Attest
'Twas *Rook* that gave th' Irreparable Blow;
'Twas he alone that over-threw,
Their Naval Force, and up it blow,
And made the Pow'r of *France* less Formidable grow;
Sunk it to the Consumption now 'tis in,
Else *O*--- had in vain pursued,
And drove them frighted through the Ocean's Flood.
They had in safety been,
And Rallying might have their Persuers seen,
By their recruited Navies put to flight:
His was the Hand of Terror made them shun,
Made them on all Occasions run,
And dread from that fam'd Day on equal Terms to Fight.

XVI.

XVI.

Nor was it at *la Hogue* alone he made
His Conduct and his Bravery known,
Remoter Lands could not evade,
The Conflagration here was shown.
Again Destruction on their Fleets he brought,
Again he found the Fugitives he fought,
Nor Booms, nor Chains, with-held him from the Prey,
Nor all the wise Precautions had been ta'en,
To render his Efforts in vain,
Spight of them all he made his way,
And read the Conquering Lecture he before had Taught.

XVII.

As when the Prince of Birds a Quarry finds,
And from above Survey's with longing Eyes,
The Meditated Prize,
No Obstacles he Minds,

But down he Skims, and down he makes a Stoop,
And fast'ning on it Wings it up,
To bear it to his high exalted Nest,
Impatient of Delay
He cut's the Liquid Way,
And spight of Opposition carry's off the Feast:
So did thy best lov'd Heroe from afar,
Behold the shining Spoils of War.
The shining Spoils his whole Attention drew,
Joy rioted within his Heart, and Eye,
To see the *Indies* near him lie,
And he with swelling Sails to their Possession flew.

XVIII.

Horror aloof, in all its shapes appear'd,
And Forts for their Defence were Rear'd,
But all the shapes of Horror could not fright,

Or

Or make
Th' Illuſtrious Heroe to forſake
An Object amidſt all its Terrors bright.
And on he flew while *Hopſon* led the Van:
Hopſon th' Immortal Man,
With Age and Honours juſtly crown'd,
Dear to his Prince, and to his Country dear,
That could in ſafety thro' ſuch Dangers ſteer,
And force, and make a Way where none he found.
Armies again their burning Navies ſaw,
Armies again betook themſelves to flight,
And fled from the tremendous fight:
That ev'n the Conquerors might Awe,
While *Ormond* that muſt all Command,
Triumph'd at Land,
Hung on their Van, and lighten'd on their Rear,
Reſign'd to Fear,
And in his Soveraign's Name to's Soveraign's Enemies gave
Law.

XIX.

Vigonian Nymphs with Purple Torrents dyed,
Ran back to thy Affrighted Bed,
And made the Ocean red,
With Ruines of the *Gallick* Pride,
Though they look'd pale before,
Distain'd in Gore,
And now within thy Bosome could their Blushes hide.
Thy Bosome that was Tinctur'd too,
A Sea of Blood it grew;
Till from their burning Vessels rowl'd
A Sea of Gold,
And ting'd thy Waters with another Hew.
The tempting Minerals of the West,
For which we Sin, and which we Pray,
Britain's approaching Genius confess'd:
And melting down *Potosis* precious Mine,
On this side of the scorching Line,

Mix'd

Mix'd with the Deep, and floated on the Sea;
Not ev'n a Mareſchal could withſtand
(An Admiral not at Sea but then at Land)
The terrible Attacks were made,
But at a diſtance out of Danger mourn'd
As the Rich Squadron burn'd,
Hopeleſs of Succour, and of Aid,
And all the Wealth, and all the Ships were loſt,
Which Millions coſt;
And thoſe which had out-liv'd the Flames,
Carried away to ride in Forreign Streams,
Its Treaſures to unlade,
And make the Nerves of War and Trade,
Mean't to Enrich the *Sein*, Enrich the *Thames*.

XX.

Nor was it againſt *France* and *Spain* alone
He led Victorious Navies on,
Remoter Climates call'd him from afar,
The Arbiter of Peace as well as War,
And felt his Manly Worth beneath the Frigid Zone.
Rooke, like Great Cæſar, came and ſaw,
And Conquer'd, in deſpight of *French* Intreagues;
Made Northern Kings renew their broken Leagues,
And kept the *Baltick* too in Awe.
Though *Sweden's* young, raſh Potentate,
To his Deliverer Ingrate,
With his Deliverer's Enemies does ſide,
And Calls upon his Conquering Arms again,
In concert with the *Hollander* and *Dane*,
To ſtill the luſt of falſe Ambition, and of Pride.

XXI.

XXI.

If distant Kingdoms, and if Forreign Powers,
To him their Safety, and their Freedom, owe,
What should this thankless Land, on which he showers
His Benefits, bestows?
From him, and 'tis from him alone, we see
Our Commerce in security,
And every Branch of Trade,
That but for him would fade,
Spread it self forth with large Increase,
In War, as if in Peace;
And City-Actions rise, that else would have decay'd.
Yet have we those amidst *Augusta*'s Race,
Augusta's Race has ever been untrue,
And scandalously base,
With-held from Loyalty what is its due;
Who see, like *Israel*'s Sons, the *Manna* fall,

Yet mutinously Call
For other Chiefs to Guard our Coast,
To guide our Navies through the Deep,
And under their Protection keep
That Wealth, which but for him, had all been lost.
Witness the Conduct he made use of, when
With a Few Ships, and Fewer Men,
He sav'd their *Turkey* Fleet,
And spight of all the Naval Force
That *France* could put to Sea, kept on his Course,
And more than Conquer'd by avoiding a Defeat.
And let 'em snarl, and let 'em rail,
Sedition shall to Loyalty give place,
And neither Sword nor Mace
Shall turn the Scale,
Spight of Themselves the Murmurers shall be bless'd,
And under his Auspicious Guidance still,
Be Fortunate against their Will,
Of every Earthly Good but Honesty possess'd.

XXII.

And here the Muſe all Tranſport and Surprize
Might reſt, and feed her raviſh'd Eyes,
With tempting Proſpects of bright Actions paſt,
With Scenes of Joy have been already ſung,
But Accents crowd upon her Tongue,
And ſhe would do her Heroe wrong,
Should ſhe not ſing the laſt.
The Day was come when Deſtiny,
Wearied with Importunity,
Reſolv'd the Strife of Nations to decide,
And make it known
From it's high Adamantine Throne,
Which ſhould prevail, and o'te the reſt precide.
Siſters, ſaid Fate, revolving o're the Dooms
Of ſublunary Beings in its Mind,
Ceaſe weaving on your Looms,
The Piece is finiſh'd a long ſince deſign'd;

The melancholy Moment is at Hand,
When Death shall Universally Command,
And yet be Tyr'd
With cutting Threads of Lives expir'd,
And glut your selves with Blood by Sea and Land.

XXIII.

The powerful *Gaul* that has long since defy'd
My Irresistable Decree,
And would o're *Europe*'s Neck in Triumph Ride,
Europe he would enslave, releas'd shall see
And scarce have his own Liberty,
But from his Conquests run,
And vanquish'd Prince's Lands to save his own,
His Pride is to it's utmost *Crisis* come,
Th' Imposthume must be broke,
'Tis not in Destiny to revoke
The Unalterable Doom,
Th' Impending Judgment's falling on his Head,
And he shall wear the Chains, which he for others made.

XXIV.

The Sisters heard what their Dread Sovereign said,
And his Almighty Will Obey'd,
No longer did they different Tasks pursue,
Or their accustom'd Office do,
But jointly follow'd the same Bloody Trade,
And up they held, and up they rear'd,
Their ready Instruments prepar'd,
To execute his harsh Decree.
When lo! the Heav'ns began to frown,
And pour the Vials of their Anger down
On Earth and Sea.
The Vials of th Almighty's Anger shed,
It's Wrath on the Oppressor's Head,
And let Destruction loose,
To punish Violations and Abuse.
To bear its Arm, and make its Thirst be fed
With Slaughter'd Dead,
And be Instructive, and of Use,

To bring Proud Monarchs to a Senſe
Of over-ruling Providence,
From whence their boaſted Greatneſs came,
And all the Earth was Fire, and all the Sea was Flame.

XXV

Wide Deſolation ſpread it ſelf around,
And o're the Surface went
Of either Element,
Nothing but Deſolation was found,
As the Pale King of Terrors every where,
Dealt Ruin and Deſpair,
And made its Empire Univerſal in its vaſt Extent.
Danubian Plains ſaw the Grim Tyrant ſtalk,
And with huge Strides o're Slaughter'd Armies walk,
Saw him at *Marlborough*'s Command
Depopulate the Land,
And make the *Gall* before him fall,
And Sue for Mercy from his Conquering Hand;
While *Rook* at Sea
Tyr'd out the Wings of Victory,

That

That Panting seem'd to lag behind
His Navies, and out-strip the Wind,
Ev'n while it kept them Company.
So swift to gather Laurels did he run,
So certain to Accomplish what he sought,
The Battle was no sooner Fought
But it was almost won.

XXVI.

And yet the United Strength of *France* and *Spain*,
Cover'd th' *Atlantick* Main
With Ships just then had been Careen'd,
And newly clean'd,
After they'd in their Harbours without Damage lain.
With Armies did their pregnant Gallies teem,
Gallies that well-mann'd Citadels did seem,
And Garrison'd enclose
Fresh Numbers to Recruit his Foes,
And in the deepest Calm could waft 'em thro' the Stream.
Nor was there wanting to Command their Fleet,
Such as whose Births were like their Courage great.

The Flower of *France* was there,
Ev'n his own Blood the Monarch would not ſpare.
But gave the Flower of *France*, his Son,
To Lead 'em on
To bring about his vaſt Deſigns,
By one deſcended from his Royal Loyns,
And on the *Spaniſh* Throne to fix a *Gallick* Heir.

XXVII.

No Proſpect of Succeſs, but ſeem'd to ſmile
Upon his Arms, and turn it ſelf away
On that Auſpicious Day,
From *Britain*'s Iſle.
Her Tutelary Genius from above,
Saw her Ships foul, their Ammunition ſpent,
Their Cordage, and their Cables Rent,
And wept for what it ſaw to ſpeak its Love.
Hardſhips unuſual had they born,
And long ſuſtain'd the Dangers of the Deep,
Scarce able at that time to keep
At Sea, by Tempeſts and a Siege ſeverely torn;

A Siege that made us see a Fortress won,
Before it could almost be said to be begun,
And gave sufficient Proof,
No Obstacles enough
To stop the Progress of Victorious Arms,
That will arrive at what they Aim,
Fearless of Danger and of Harms,
And force their Way, and act a Rape on Fortune and on Fame.

XXVIII.

Art with Dame Nature, Hand in Hand,
In it's Protection joyn'd,
And mutually Combin'd
In the strong Town's Defence by Sea and Land,
Impregnable before, Impregnable behind.
As round the Bulwarks from afar,
Hundreds of Instruments of War
With Brazen Mouths, and with Affrightful Roar,
Bellow'd aloud,
And thundred to the Rival Croud,

That they must silence them before
They could enjoy their Mistress *Gibraltar*:
Silenc'd they were, their Mistress were enjoy'd,
And every Impediment
That Art and Nature lent,
Remov'd, or quite destroy'd,
As Art and Nature too,
Saw the Coy Dame Possess'd,
And equally confess'd,
There's nought but such a Courtier as was *Rook* could do.

XXIX.

Weak'ned with Losses, and of Forces drein'd,
After the Town was gain'd,
No sooner did he hear
His long enquir'd for Enemy
Was put to Sea,
And durst without his Harbours openly appear,
But with Collected Rage he found the Line,
And Hoisting upon the Sign

Bore

Bore down with Bloody Flags before the Wind
T' Engage the daring Count that was in sight,
The daring Count stood ready for the Fight,
And both rejoyc'd they could each other find.
So two contending Bulls that long have strove
For the Reward of Empire, and of Love,
And for some Beautious Heifer held
Disputes, yet undecided in the Field,
If either does by chance Espy,
His Ancient and Inveterate Enemy,
He low's for Rage, and spurns the Ground
Out of excess of Joy,
That his Antagonist is found
Resolv'd to Conquer, or resolv'd to Die,
And forward presses with redoubled Hate,
To give, or to receive his Fate,
And Crown his eager Hopes, or all his Hopes destroy.

XXX.

The *Word* was giv'n around, and swelling Gales
Fill'd his expanded Sails,

While

While *Shovel* led the Van
With the Renowned *Leak*,
To Conqueſt that had us'd to Court them ran,
And crouded every Sail the *Gallick* Line to break:
The Line was broken, and the Foe diſtreſs'd,
While their Ships gaping Sides confeſs'd
What *Britiſh* Arms could do,
Till *Leak* and *Shovel* over-powr'd
By Numbers muſt have been devour'd,
But in the valiant *Rook* to their Aſſiſtance flew,
And lying by his Enemies Board and Board
The Fight reſtor'd,
And all Spectators Eyes upon him drew,
Raking their Veſſels Fore and Aft,
With Death's Inevitable Shaft,
As on their * *Sun* with all its Glory bright,
He fix'd his Eyes undazelled with the View,
And with a more than Eagles Strength of ſight,
Not only ſaw the *Sun*, but look'd it thro' and thro'.

* *Soleil Royal, the* French *Admiral's Ship.*

XXX.

The Sun was not of Force enough,
Auxiliary Blazes light'ned near its Eyes
That were ſufficient proof
To ſtand ev'n greater ſtill and more Supplies;
With *Jennings* by his ſide
Their Numbers he defy'd,
And Two from Five bore off the Prize
Of Victory, the tempting Meed
For which we Fight, and which we Bleed,
The Soldiers Idol, and the Sailors Pride.
Tholouſe had been o'er-taken by his Fate,
And with th' Imaginary Planet ſate,
Taking his laſt Eternal Reſt,
And Buried in the *Weſt*,
But Darkneſs interven'd,
The Sun and him from their laſt Period Skreen'd;
And both eſcap'd by Flight
And favour of the Night
The Doom that lay revolv'd within the Heroes Breaſt.

XXXI.

Nor ſhould his brave Companions in the Fight
With undeſerv'd ill uſage meet,
They were his Partners in the bold Defeat,
And, *Neptune*, thou ſhould'ſt do them Right.
Bing, *Dilks*, and *Wiſhart* have been thought
Worthy the Favours of thy Queen,
And as they obſtinately Fought,
Should gratefully within our Verſe be ſeen.
Fearleſs of Fate, involv'd in Smoke and Fire,
They join'd to make the Foe retire,
And with his boaſted Greatneſs hide his Head
Under the Veil of Night,
Not capable to bear the ſight
Of Ships that Struck him, with ſuch awful Dread;
And ſhould have their deſerv'd Applauſe;
The ſame their Courage, and the ſame their Cauſe;
And be by Times to come with admiration read.

XXXII.

Not, but there's ſomething due to thoſe,
Whom Exigence of State ha's made our Foes;

Meanly

Meanly they turn'd not, nor from Battle fled,
Without innumerable Dead;
Heaps upon Heaps, lay Drown'd in Gore,
Nor would they to a base Submission stoop,
Or give th' Engagement o'er;
Till opening to the Sea from Head to Poop
They suck'd thy Waters up,
And could not bear the Fury of th' Engagement more.
Resistance add's to *Rook*'s Renown,
And had not *Tholouse* bravely fought,
Less Trophies he had Homeward brought,
Nor would such heaps of Lawrel crown
His Temples with their never dying Green,
More sparing had his Praises been:
And we much less approv'd his Action or his Thought:
'Twas to his Honour that the Chieftain stood,
Not from the Battel shrunk,
Till his up-lifted Arm was gorg'd with Blood,
And was with Slaughter Drunk,
Leaving the Marks of his Retreat upon thy briny Flood.

XXXIV.

O *Neptune*, would a thankleſs Age believe
The Bleſſings *Rook* beſtows,
And with due Gratitude receive
The Benefits, ev'n yet he ſtrives to give
To his malicious Foes;
His Statue ſhould for ever ſtand
A laſting Monument of Praiſe,
And we eternal Trophies raiſe,
To ſpeak the juſt Reſentments of the Land.
Neptune thou ſaw'ſt, thy trembling Waves beheld,
How he purſued the Chace within the Watry Field;
How he both Day and Night,
Impatient to renew the Fight,
Follow'd the vanquiſh'd *Count*, that loth to fly,
Caſt back a longing Eye
On thoſe from whom he fled.
So the fierce Lyon, eager for the Prey,
Too ſtrong for his attack,
Looks griſly back,

And on it, though retreating turns it's Head,
Unwilling to depart ev'n while he dares not ſtay.

XXXV.

But what avails his Enemies Retreat?
What ſignifies the Battel or Defeat?
Ingratitude takes pains,
To render Little, what is truly Great;
And ſtrives amidſt our Loſſes to Inſert our Gains.
Like *France*, we act by Contrarieties;
And equally with them do Truth deſpiſe;
Only they more prudential Meaſures uſe,
And wiſer Methods take,
They Sing *Te Deums* while they loſe,
To raiſe thoſe Spirits Loſſes would dejected make.
When we moſt unadvis'dly Snarl and Grin,
And give out Battels to be loſt,
Ev'n while our Leaders Battels win,
And we of Conqueſt have a right to boaſt;
As if on purpoſe we ſought means and ways,
To ruin what's upheld by their defence;

And

And Safe to our Native Country and to Sense,
Would sink the Spirits we should strive to raise.

XXXVI.

Nor should our Thanks be wanting for the Care
Thy God-head has display'd in his behalf,
Thy God-head that has heard our Prayer,
And in his Preservation made us safe.
'Tis from thy Grant, that Winds and Waves restore
Our Heroe to his Native Shore,
'Tis thine his Presence blesses us again,
And he returns with large Increase
Of Honour from a Sea-Campaign,
That one Day may effect a Glorious Peace;
And we
Ascribe to thy All-powerful Deiety,
The praise thy God-head has a right to claim,
Thy God-head makes him dear to us and Fame,
And Praise is due to thee.
Io Neptune, our Oblations take,
Io Neptune, every Muse should sing,
And pay her Offering,

For her lov'd Heroes sake.
'Twas thy propitious Guidance made him come
Triumphant Home,
There to receive what was his due,
A grateful Senate's Thanks, and a juſt Nation's too;
Though there are thoſe that enviouſly decline,
In ſuch Acknowledgments to join,
And out of ſpight
Mention no Naval Fight,
While they brave Commons have Addreſs'd the State,
His Conqueſt to Congratulate,
And thoſe that repreſent the Nation do him right.

XXXVII.

The Times may come, grant Heav'n they be not near,
When wearied with Abuſes he may ceaſe,
The Bulwark of his Country to appear,
And forward *Europe's* Peace.
When tyr'd with Injuries, and vex'd with Wrongs,
Of falſe Opprobrious Tongues,
That on him would their Venome caſt,
And their Defenders Reputation blaſt,

For

For bringing Victory to our Coaſt;
For tempting all the Dangers of the War,
Without a Wound, without a Scar,
And not one ſingle Veſſel loſt,
The mighty Chief, may his high Truſt reſign,
And deign no more
To Guard a baſe ungrateful Shore,
That merit's Help, nor Human nor Divine;
When thoſe who now would have him laid aſide,
Blinded by Ignorance and Pride,
Shall ſue to him to make them bleſs'd
By ſuccouring a Land for want of him diſtreſs'd,
And be again their Guardian, and their Guide.
So *Grecian* Chiefs, by *Trojans* put to flight,
And Hoſtile Troops diſmay'd,
Were forc'd to do their Injur'd Champion right,
Beg him to be their Leader in the Fight,
And again aſk his ſlighted Aid,
When fam'd *Achilles* their Deliverer roſe;
Who but for Him, had Conquer'd mourn'd the Conqueſt of (their Foes,

FINIS.